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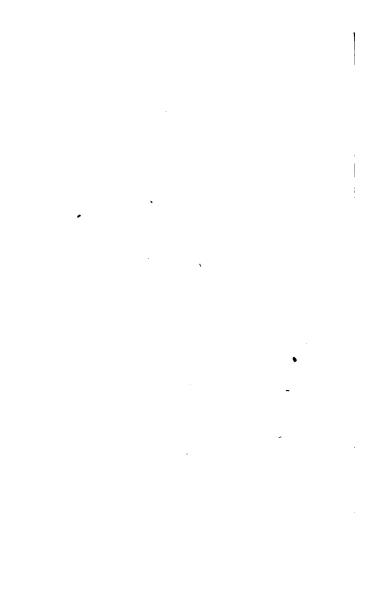
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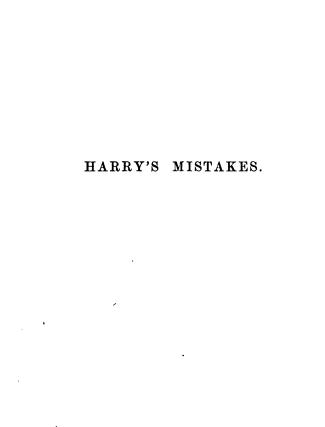
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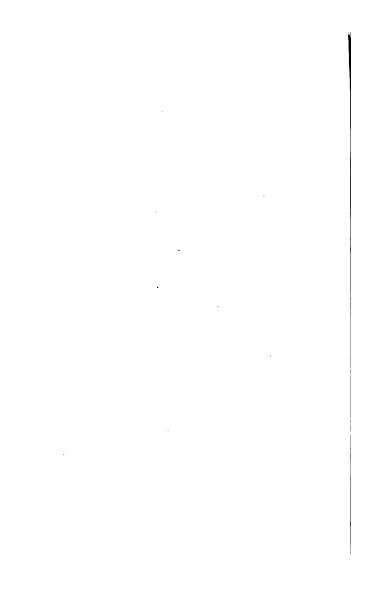


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Harry's Mistakes,

AND

WHERE THEY LED HIM.

A TALE FOR BOYS.

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HARRY'S MISTAKES,

AND

WHERE THEY LED HIM.

CHAPTER I.

Two dogs were one day travelling the same road, but not in the same direction; one was going eastward and the other westward, and thus it happened that they met face to face.

The smaller of the two was a Blenheim spaniel, one of the handsomest of its handsome family. A profusion of long white silky hair hung in rich masses of curls over its round little form, thickening under the throat and round each soft paw, into a sort of tuft; its ears—almost touching the ground— and its gracefully-curled tail, were tipped with a delicate brown or liver

colour; round its neck it wore a highly polished brass collar, and at the particular time of which we are writing, some tasteful hand had further ornamented it with a large bow of scarlet ribbon. Thus attired. Miss Blanche—for so was this lovely little creature called-moved along the road with a measured stately step, and doubtless, thought herself-if animals think at alla dog of very superior breeding, one who had little in common with the vulgar herd which infest the highways and byeways of the world. What then must have been her indignant surprize, at finding her little black nose suddenly touched by one belonging to a dog of quite a different stamp.

The new comer was of no particular form, and belonged to no particular family; its thin wiry hair, which was neither quite black nor quite brown, but slightly tinged with both, stood bolt upright upon its back, as if it had just escaped some great danger, but had not yet recovered from the fright of it; its ears and tail were closely cropped,

one eye was half shut, an old leather collar fastened with a piece of string hung loosely round its neck, and the bones almost piercing through its skin, fully established its claim to its name of Gristle.

But though thus unlovely in outward appearance, those who knew poor Gristle best thought that he was by no means to be despised, seeing that he not only possessed extraordinary sagacity, but was of a most amiable and friendly disposition; a dog, in short, full of affection for his own kind, and in perfect love and charity with the whole race of living things, except perhaps, hares, rabbits, and rats.

When, therefore, Gristle, as he was taking his evening walk with his master, a young peasant lad of the name of Willy Archer, saw a beautiful little creature of his own species approaching, he very politely crossed the road, with the intention of paying his respects; but Blanche, who had no idea of being addressed in so familiar a manner by a dog whom nobody knew,

turned her head disdainfully away, with a sharp shrill bark, which doubtless meant, when translated into the English tongue, "Get away, you low-born thing! how dare you to touch one so much above you? go, learn your place and keep it, and know, that the class to which I belong, exchange no greetings with such as you." But Gristle. the good-natured, as he was called among his master's friends, was not to be frightened by this sudden outburst of wounded pride; he knew how to make allowance for the caprice of a petted parlour dog, and not having besides a too high opinion of his own attractions, thought to win the charming stranger back to good humour, by the gentleness of his own demeanour; he was proceeding, therefore, to whisper some civil words in her ear, when the interview was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a party of children, one of whom, a boy of some nine years old, brandished in his hand a whip, the lash of which, as he reached the spot, fell, not very gently, on

Gristle's shoulder. Almost any other dog than he would have resented this, and shewn his teeth, even if he had not used them; but Gristle was of too noble a nature to snarl where he knew it would be wrong to bite; and having by this time discovered that the beautiful Blanche was as cross, and crabbed by nature as she had shewn herself in manner, he wisely made up his mind to wish her good evening, and leave her alone in her stateliness.

"That's right Blanche, my beauty," cried her young master, stooping down to caress her; "keep up your consequence, and have nothing to say to such an ugly vulgar looking animal as that: always remember, darling, that you're a gentleman's dog!"

Now master Harry Howard, for he it was who spoke, was dressed in a velvet tunic with a richly worked collar, a pair of shiny shoes, and a smart little cap stuck on the top of his head; he could moreover make a graceful bow when addressed by any of his mamma's friends; and having once,

when in London, received a few lessons from a fashionable dancing master, he knew how to enter a drawing room with ease and elegance; and, therefore, Master Harry Howard had taken up the opinion, that he must of necessity be a gentleman, and that as such, he was at liberty to treat everybody beneath him with contempt. Thus, when he saw Willy Archer walk by on the other side of the road, with his dog now following quietly at his heels, he not only continued to smack his whip at them in a manner so threatening, that even good-natured Gristle was constrained to raise his head and growl, but even went so far, as to talk and laugh quite loudly with his little sister, about the ugliness of the one, and the shabby outgrown dress of the other.

Now I don't know what my young readers may think of Harry Howard's gentility, but for my own part, I must confess, that whenever I see either boy or man, girl or woman, wearing fine clothes, and yet betraying such ill manners as these, it

reminds me of the Daw dressed in the Peacock's feathers.

And Harry Howard's sister Amy, though she, I daresay, thought nothing just then about either Daw or Peacock, did not seem quite to approve of her brother's behaviour; and I think it was because she had a gentle loving heart, which made her feel kindly towards everybody and everything.

"Hush, Harry," said she, "do not speak so loud, pray do not; that poor boy will hear you."

"And what if he does hear me?" cried Harry. "My tongue's my own, I suppose, I've a right to say what I please; now does he not look queer in that horridly outgrown jacket and trowsers."

"Yes! but he has a very pretty goodtempered face: and do you like Harry to see boys in such shabby old clothes? I do not."

"Then why does he not wear better ones?" asked Harry, who knew very little of poverty even by name. "Perhaps he has no money to buy better;" suggested Amy. "I wish mamma would give him some of your old ones; he's not so very much bigger than you, and how well he would look in them. I'll ask her when she comes home, that I will."

"I'll thank you to do no such thing, Miss Amy; why what a little simpleton you must be, to think of dressing a poor boy like that in a velvet tunic; do you want to make a gentleman of him then?"

"No! I did not mean that exactly," said Amy, "because he's only a poor boy that goes to the Charity School. And yet I cannot see Harry, why he would not look like a gentleman if he had your clothes on," continued she, a little puzzled.

"There, is not that just what I say?" asked Harry, "he'd look too well by half, I fancy, but he has no business to think about how he looks: he has to work for his living, and boys like that are quite different from us, Amy."

"Are they," said Amy, thoughtfully,

"then I wonder why they were made to look so much like us!"

"For my part, I'm very glad I'm not a poor boy, to be dressed as he is," said Harry; "and I should not like to have such a frightful dog either, should I Blanche, my beauty?"

And the would-be young gentleman began to dance a sort of gallopade up and down the lane, seemingly for no other purpose, than that he might have the pleasure of smacking his whip at Willy and his dog, each time he passed them.

"I'm afraid, Master Harry, your mamma would say, that that nasty weed she told you of the other day, is growing very fast!" observed the nurse, who, with the baby in her arms and little Freddy toddling beside her, had been listening to the conversation of the brother and sister.

"You're afraid, are you, Madam Nurse," exclaimed the boisterous young gentleman, springing not very gently upon her back; "take care I do not give you a worse fright presently."

And after having delivered himself of this polite and sensible speech, Harry became suddenly silent, and began to think about his weeds and flowers.

But it was not in a garden like yours and mine, little readers, that Harry's weeds and flowers grew. He had a real garden of his own, indeed, and a very nice garden too: and it contained a great many bright and beautiful flowers. Often did Harry bring in a nosegay to ornament his mamma's work-table, for he dearly loved his mamma; and perhaps he never felt happier in his life, than he did one evening, when he saw her come down to dinner with a white rose in her hair, which he had gathered for her from his own pet tree.

Very particular with his garden was Harry Howard! he never suffered a weed to grow in it; sometimes he would lead his mamma there, on purpose to shew her how clean he kept it.

"It is in beautiful order indeed, my boy;" had Mrs. Howard one day said to him, "you must have bestowed great pains upon it Harry, to have it so free from weeds."

"Not very great, mamma! I'll tell you how I manage it: the moment I discover the least tiny bit of a weed, up it comes, root and all. If I were to let it stand only two or three days, you've no idea what a great ugly staring thing it would become."

"True, love," said his mother, "and I admire your perseverance; but did it ever occur to you, Harry, that you've another garden to keep besides this: and one, of which God has said in His Word, 'Keep it with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life,' or, in other words, of good and evil?"

Harry blushed: he knew perfectly well what his mamma meant; and was afraid that he had not taken quite so much pains to keep that garden free from weeds, as he might have done.

Mrs. Howard drew him tenderly towards her as she added, "Ill weeds grow apace there as they do here, my boy, and unless you pluck them out by the root the instant you discover them, depend on it, Harry, they will increase, and spread until they choke up and destroy every good and pleasant flower."

From this time Harry and his mamma often talked of that strange unseen garden of his; that sinful deceitful heart, where the weeds so struggled to destroy the flowers that often when he would do good evil was present with him, and the little boy became more watchful, and tried hard to detect every little weed as it sprung up; but, unfortunately, there were some weeds there looking so very much like flowers, that if his mamma happened not to be at hand to assist him in finding them out, he would sometimes suffer one to escape him, and then it was quite sad to see how quickly it Thus it happened this evening grew. while Harry stood thinking of the weed which nurse had reminded him of.

"I suppose she means that great flaunt-

ing poppy that mamma talks so much about, and which she calls 'Pride,' and says it's the worst weed of any. But I'm sure nurse is mistaken this time, and if mamma were here she would say so too." And he continued thinking about it until he had persuaded himself that what nurse had taken for a noxious weed was, in fact, a beautiful flower, to which he gave the name of "High Spirit."

"And uncle Graham says, he wouldn't give a farthing for a boy who hasn't plenty of spirit," thought he, "it's that that will make me above doing a mean and dirty action, and prevent my getting a taste for low company—pride indeed! that's quite a different thing!" And so having put his conscience to sleep, and Willy and his dog being by this time out of sight, Harry followed his sister and the nurse into a field, were they were soon all very happily employed in filling Amy's little hand-basket with wild flowers.

In the course of their walk they came to

the side of the canal, where Harry and his sister stood for some minutes, watching a barge pass through the lock; but Harry seldom remained long quiet, and wishing to draw Amy away, and not being over-gentle in his movements, he threw his arm round her with such sudden violence, that she narrowly escaped slipping into the water, close to which she was standing, and only saved herself by dropping the basket, and clinging closely to her brother's arm.

When the little girl had so far recovered from her fright as to be able to look round, she saw to her dismay, her pretty basket, wild flowers and all, floating rapidly down the stream; although by no means a fretful child, she could scarcely keep from crying as she watched it; for her mamma had made her a present of it only a few days before, and this was the first time she had used it. Harry too was vexed enough; though apt to be rather careless sometimes of other people's feelings, he loved his sister far too well to take pleasure in annoying

her; he stepped down the bank, until his foot quite touched the water, in a vain endeavour to catch at the basket, and only drew back when Amy cried out in terror lest he should be drowned. Then he bethought himself of Blanche, for he knew that all dogs can swim if they like, and drawing her close to the edge, he tried to make her understand his wishes, by crying, "Hie in Blanche! Hie in my beauty! fetch it out Doggie, fetch it out!"

"Bow! wow! wow!" barked Blanche, and jumped and scratched and made a wonderous bustle: "Fetch it out Miss, I tell you," cried Harry, more sharply than before.

But No! there stood Blanche, as helpless and useless as overfed, overpetted dogs generally are, jumping and barking, and making a great noise, but doing no good; until even Harry could not help feeling quite angry with his favourite, "O you coward!" he cried, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself; why you're of no use in the world." Harry forgot that the fault was not poor Blanche's; she had been trained as an idle, useless, much indulged, parlour dog, to eat and sleep and play, and play and eat and sleep again; and I have known children, fancying themselves much wiser than Blanche, who seem to think that they too are born for little else.

But all this time the basket was swimming far far away, so far, that poor Amy had quite given it up for lost, and was thinking how she should be able to tell mamma about it, when suddenly a strange rustling sound was heard behind them, and something flew past the spot, jumping over Blanche's head, to her no small surprise and indignation, and sprung into the water; and now nothing could be seen but a round black ball forcing its way rapidly through the water, and gaining every moment upon the floating basket, until the latter was seized hold of by two rows of white teeth, dragged back towards the bank, and presently deposited safely at Amy's feet; while Gristle—the poor despised Gristle—only

waiting to give himself one good shake, which sent the water flying in all directions, and by so doing greatly discomfited Miss Blanche, rushed off again without fee or reward, to rejoin his master.

Harry and Amy looked first at the basket, then at each other, and then after the strange dog: the whole thing had passed so quickly, that they could scarcely believe their eyes, and Harry stooped to pick up their recovered treasure, that he might be quite sure it was really there; but it was dripping with wet, and covered all over with a nasty green slime, so he drew back in disgust, for Harry Howard was a dainty lad, and had no notion of soiling his hands, and he called to nurse to come and clean it for him, but nurse was some distance off getting baby to sleep, and could not obey the call.

"Shall I do it for you, master," said a young voice close by, and turning round, Harry saw Willy Archer, who had come up to them without being observed.

"Aye, do, please!" said he, "it won't hurt you to handle it; your hands are dirty enough already."

Without seeming to notice this uncivil speech, the boy took up the basket, and first laying the dripping flowers carefully on the ground, he pulled up handful after handful of the long grass, with which he wiped away the slimy weed that covered it, and then drying and polishing it with his coat sleeve, he shook the water from the flowers, and replacing them in the basket, held it towards Amy, who took it from him with a pleasant smile, and a courteous "Thank you, little boy, my brother and I are very much obliged to you," upon which Willy touched his hat to her, and without taking the least notice of Harry, walked awav.

The proud boy's heart swelled high, at feeling himself treated with contempt.

"What a rude fellow that is," said he, "pity he has'nt somebody to teach him manners. Did you notice, Amy, how he sneaked away without bowing to me."

"Perhaps he did not think of it Harry; but how quick and handy he is, and I'm sure it was very kind of him to come and clean the basket so nicely for us! but don't you love that dear old ugly dog? Why he's ten times more clever than our Blanche."

This was a most unfortunate speech of poor Amy's, and her brother's brow grew clouded as he listened to it.

- "Yes, that's just like you girls, always ready to give up old friends for new ones! I don't see anything so mighty clever in it; dogs of that sort are used to the water, and I suppose he's been taught to fetch and carry. I shouldn't wonder if that boy makes him sometimes carry away more than belongs to him."
- "O Harry! how can you think that; such a nice handy sort of boy as he is?"
- "Handy indeed! Why I could have cleaned the basket with that long grass as well as he could."
- "Of course you could, dear Harry, I know that very well, and so you would too,

if you had only—" but seeing how much her brother was put out, the kind-hearted little girl suddenly checked herself, and said no more, though she could not help thinking of the story of Columbus and the Egg.

Now, perhaps some of my young readers may have forgotton that story, and others may never have heard it; so while the children are walking home, I will take the opportunity of telling it.

CHAPTER II.

In days of old, people did not travel over the world, as they do now, seeking knowledge, and seeing all that was to be seen; they were, for the most part, content to stay at home and believe whatever was told them about other countries than their own: and thus it happened that they often fell into mistakes, for ignorance ever was and ever will be the parent of error. Now one of these mistakes into which our ancestors fell. was this: they believed that the planet on which we dwell, instead of being, as it is, a globe or sphere, was nothing but a vast flat plain extending to the spot where the sky seemed to touch the earth; and strange as this idea must seem to children of the nineteenth century, it was very generally entertained even by grown-up persons in the fourteenth. Now and then however, there appeared men of a more thoughtful and enterprizing character, who were not satisfied to see with other people's eyes or to hear with other people's ears, but who chose rather to look into things and judge for themselves, and by some of these the real shape of the earth was at length discovered. Now one of these wise far-seeing men was Christopher Columbus, and he went much farther than any one had gone before him, for he not only perceived that the world was round, but he determined to try and sail round it, his object in doing so being to find out a new and shorter way from Spain, where he was then living, to India, which was at that time the richest portion of the known world.

For this purpose he set sail with a few resolute followers to cross the vast Atlantic ocean, being the first person who had ever undertaken so long and adventurous a voyage. Now if my young readers like to open their maps, they will soon understand that if Columbus could have continued his route without interruption, it would in time have brought him to the country he was in pursuit of; but a vast and unthought-of barrier

lay between him and the Indian coast; it was no other than the immense continent of America, a new world, the very existence of which had never been suspected, until Columbus by his enterprizing genius forced his way to it.

Christopher was, as you may suppose, very well pleased at such a termination of his hazardous voyage, the history of which you will no doubt some day like to read. He and his brave followers landed on several of what are now called the West Indian islands, and you will not be surprized to hear that the first time they set foot on shore, they all knelt down on the beach and returned thanks to Almighty God for having brought them in safety through so many difficulties and dangers. They soon found that these islands contained not only a race of men differing in habits and appearance from any they had ever seen before, but also mines of gold and silver and other natural productions exceeding in value anything that their most sanguine hopes could have imagined.

Anxious to make known this good news to his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, Columbus, when he had taken possession of the islands in their name. made arrangements for leaving some of his followers in charge of them during his absence, and set out on his return to Europe to relate the wondrous story of his successes. and, as you will doubtless suppose, to be overwhelmed with the admiring congratulations of his friends and fellow-subjects. But alas! it is only very good and great men who know how sincerely to rejoice in the successes of others. The proud Spanish nobles, when they heard the history, became jealous of this unknown adventurer. who, while they had been indulging in luxurious ease, had boldly gone forth regardless of danger and hardship, and added so much to the glory of their country; and instead of seeking to load him with wellmerited honours, each one tried to pluck a leaf, as it were, from the wreath of his renown.

One day Columbus found himself in

company with a party of gentlemen, when the conversation turned, as was often the case, on the subject of the late discoveries in the far-off western world.

"It must be owned that it was a remarkable stroke of good fortune," said one, "for after all it was only chance that led you thither!"

"Yes, any one who had happened to sail in the same direction, would have met with similar luck," observed another.

"Even we ourselves might have hit upon it," rejoined a third.

Thus far Columbus had listened in silence. Now he rose and rang the bell; and, when it was answered, begged the servant to bring him an egg; the order was speedily obeyed.

"Now then, gentlemen," said he, holding it up before them; "which of you will be good enough to place this egg upright upon the table?"

His companions stared first at him and then at each other. The great navigator must be crazed, they thought, to depute to one of them a task which he could so easily have performed himself! But they soon found out their mistake, and one after the other looked somewhat crestfallen as he vainly tried to make the egg stand upright; the pointed ends presented no base sufficiently large for it to rest upon; and however steadily they might try to poise it, no skill or dexterity of theirs could effect an impossibility. Seeing them therefore each in turn lay it aside in despair, Columbus took it up, coolly cut off one end, and then placed it securely upright upon the table.

His performance was received with one universal shout of surprize.

"Oh! that's your way of getting over a difficulty, is it?" cried the discomfited guests; "but if that's all, we could have done it as well as you!"

"Yes gentlemen, I admit it," cried Columbus; "you could have done that as you could have discovered the new world, —if you had but thought of it!"

CHAPTER III.

HARRY had not recovered his good humour by tea time, as nurse found to her cost, for the naughty spirit that was in him put everything out of order. He quarrelled with Amy, teazed little Freddy, and even baby, at other times his most cherished plaything, did not quite escape; for when she put out her tiny hand to stroke his face, she received something very like a slap for her pains, at which, up went the little rosy lip, and the soft blue eye was dimmed with a tear. The sight of this made Harry feel still more uncomfortable; and it was, I daresay, to hide a blush of shame at having played so unmanly a part, that he started suddenly up and ran off into the garden, leaving his last cup of tea untasted

But even the fresh air and the pleasant twitter of the birds, as they hopped from twig to twig, telling their pretty evening tale of love and peace and joy, failed to calm him; indeed, I doubt whether he heard it, as he wandered up and down, and round and round, smacking his whip, and every now and then cutting off the head of one of his mamma's choice geraniums, wishing the while that he could inflict some similar chastisement on poor Willy Archer and his dog. My young readers may, perhaps, wonder why, and Harry himself may have wondered too in his calmer moments; but when people are under the influence of pride and ill-humour, they often think strange thoughts.

At length he turned his steps towards his own garden, and stood for some moments looking at it. From one end to the other there was only a single weed to be seen, but that was a very large one, it must have escaped his notice when working there the day before.

"You nasty rank thing," cried Harry; "what business have you there?" and in a moment it was up and over the hedge; "a pretty garden I should have had if you had been allowed to stand, why the seed was quite ripe, just ready to fly away; by the bye, I had better not leave it outside, or some of it will be sure to find its way back again!" and opening a little side gate that led into the park, he passed through it to pick up the root of groundsel; but scarcely had he stooped to lay hold of it, when he was startled by something rushing past him, and looking up, what should he behold, but his own beautiful tame long-eared rabbit running for its life, with—horror of horrors—Willy Archer's dog Gristle close upon its heels.

Harry caught up a large stone and threw it with all his force, but it fell far short of Gristle's head, at which it was aimed, and both dog and rabbit were soon too far off, to be reached by any skill of his; and now he called aloud for help, though with little hope that it would arrive in time; but the rabbit having made a short circuit round a clump of trees, came again in sight, with Gristle still in hot pursuit, just as the gamekeeper, who happened to be passing near the spot, and had heard Harry shouting, came up with his gun in his hand.

"Shoot him, Graves! shoot that detestable dog this minute, I order you! Papa says, we've a right to shoot any dog that comes on the premises to do mischief."

Now, it is a well understood fact, that gamekeepers are the natural foes of all stray dogs and cats; Graves, moreover, had entered on his situation only a day or two before, and as yet had had no opportunity of shewing his skill as a marksman; nothing reluctant, therefore, he shouldered his gun, and without pausing a moment to consider what he was about to do, drew the trigger: his aim was too true; poor Gristle gave a scream, a jump, a moan, and fell dead upon the turf, just as Willy Archer came running up, hot and panting for breath, and with scarcely strength to cry out, "O stop, sir, stop! pray don't shoot my dog! its a mistake, its all a mistake."

But a single glance told the boy that he had arrived too late; for a moment he stood speechless, tearless, looking at the lifeless form before him; then uttering a piercing cry of anguish, he threw himself down beside it, and all unmindful of the blood that was still oozing from the wound, he clasped it in his arms, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

And no wonder, for poor Willy was an orphan boy, with none in the world to love and care for him, but an old lame grandmother and his faithful dog; the former was fast sinking into the grave, and now there lay the latter murdered at his feet! and why? simply because Harry Howard's rabbit, let loose by his own carelessness, in neglecting to secure the door of the hutch, had ran across the path, just as Gristle jumped over a stile, and the dog, following its natural instinct, and thinking no harm, had embraced the opportunity of enjoying a rabbit hunt.

But why does Harry stand there looking

like one bewildered, and why does the hot blood mount to his forehead? Is it that the poor dog's death-cry has smote, not upon his ears only, but also upon his heart; and now that he sees Willy writhing on the ground in an agony of grief, does he feel how much easier it is to inflict an injury, than to repair it? Why then does he not hasten to speak a word of comfort to the mourner? Why has he not courage to say, "I have done wrong, and am sorry for it! forgive me!" Alas! Harry Howard is too proud! he fancies that it would be beneath a young gentleman, to humble himself thus to a poor boy, and so instead of making all the reparation in his power for a great injury, he turned upon his heel and sneaked away into the house, while the gamekeeper and one or two other servants, gathered round Willy, and tried to offer such consolation as their rough natures suggested.

But though Harry did not care to be seen, he was very anxious to see all that

was going on; so gulping down the remonstrances of that fine noble spirit of his, which was to keep him from doing a mean action, he wrapped himself up in one of the dining-room curtains, and leaving only one eye at liberty, placed it so close to the glass, that he could, without being himself observed, watch every movement of the little group in the park.

For some moments Willy lay with his dead favorite clasped in his arms, as one who refused to be comforted; but by degrees he raised his face, still streaming with tears, and pointed along the path which led into the road, as if explaining how this unfortunate affair had happened; after which, the gamekeeper lifted him gently from the ground, and patting him kindly on the back, seemed to be apologizing for his share in the transaction; and Harry saw his finger point towards the house, whither Willy's eyes immediately followed it.

"There," thought he, "that fellow, Graves, is shifting the blame off his own shoulders on to mine, I see; now if it had been any very good thing I'd told him to do, he'd have kept the praise to himself, no doubt. Well I do wish somehow I had not been quite in such a hurry! some day when nobody sees me, I'll give the boy that bright new half-crown of mine. I'm sure that will more than make up to him for the loss of such an ugly brute as that."

Had Harry been a little older and a little less spoiled by prosperity, he would have known that affection, even though it be but the affection of a one-eyed dog is not to be bought and sold with money; but he thought not of this as he continued to watch Willy's movements, and presently he saw him take up the now-stiffening body in his arms, kiss it tenderly, and then laying its head close to his bosom, walk off in the direction of his home followed by the compassionate glances of the servants.

Let us hope that it was a tear which Harry brushed so hastily from his eye as he now prepared to leave his hiding-place; but he was not to escape just yet; for before he could disengage himself from the curtain, the door opened and Gilbert the butler entered the room and began to busy himself at the sideboard.

"That fellow must never know that I've been hiding here," thought Harry; "it will look so mean;" and again and very gently he drew the curtain round him.

Gilbert drew a duster from his pocket and began to polish the wine-coolers, talking the while to a fellow-servant who was lounging idly at the door. Now listeners, it is said, seldom hear good of themselves, and although poor Harry was in this case a most unwilling listener, the saying was fully verified.

"I fancy there'll be a fine to-do about it when master comes home," said Gilbert; "the boy will lay a complaint before him, as it's right he should, and Graves says he shall tell the truth and say that Master Harry ordered him to fire."

"More fool he for obeying such orders

as them," rejoined the other, who from having more to do for Harry than any other of the servants, suffered more than they from his proud arrogant temper; "a pretty pass things is come to if the like of us is to be governed by such a young tyrant as that. Why, he'd have ordered him to shoot the boy himself like enough, if he'd angered him; he's awful proud and passionate, is Master Harry."

"He don't take after our master and missis, nor yet little miss Amy, does he?" said Gilbert as he rubbed away at the plate; "he looks on poor people as if they weren't fit to wipe his shoes! but lawk! poor young fellow, his pride will have a fall some day or other, as pride always does! he'll light on some one as will teach him that t'aint altogether fine clothes, and a pocket full of money that makes the best man."

"O for the matter of that," rejoined the other, "young William Archer could soon learn him that lesson, and its my belief he would, the first time they came across each other, if 't wasn't that Missus has been so kind to his old grandmother; did you notice, Gilbert, how fierce he looked, when Graves told him as how 'twas master Harry that set him on?"

"Aye, that I did: and I thought he was as fine a young fellow as my eyes ever looked on, a deal handsomer than our young gentleman, for all his fine feathers."

It is not very likely that Harry had ever read those lines of the great Scotch poet, Burns:—

"O would some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us, From many an ugly fault 'twould free us."

But it is certain, that as he listened to this conversation between two of his father's servants, he saw himself placed in a very different light to what he had ever done before, and I cannot say that he at all admired the portrait they had drawn of him; but, unfortunately, his self-love kept him from acknowledging the truth of the

likeness: instead therefore of being humbled, he was only mortified to find, that others thought so much less well of him than he thought of himself, and his heart burned with resentment, not only against the speakers, but more than ever against the poor boy with whom they thus presumed to compare him.

As soon as Gilbert had left the room, Harry stole from his hiding place, feeling, it must be owned, somewhat crest-fallen, and returned to the nursery in even a worse temper than he had left it. He did and said so many cross and peevish things, that Amy felt quite distressed; and as for nurse, she had such a long list of grievances made out against him before he went to bed, that she threatened, if matters did not mend in the morning, to send Gilbert off to fetch his uncle Graham.

Meanwhile, there was sad sorrow in Widow Archer's cottage, and like to have been more; for when the old woman saw her grandson come in covered with blood, and Gristle dead in his arms, she started up in such sudden fright, that she quite forgot to lay hold of her walking stick, and her poor rheumatic limbs not being strong enough to support her without it, she fell to the ground, and narrowly escaped striking her head against the sharp corner of the fender, in which case she might have been killed; and then her death, as well as the dog's, must have lain heavily on Harry's conscience. Happily, however, she escaped with a few bruises, and these were as nothing, she said, compared with the pain she felt at seeing their poor dumb friend lying cold and stiff on their hearthstone, and hearing her darling Willy's lamentations over it.

It is a blessed thing, my dear young readers, to be able to dry up the tears of the poor and needy, but woe to him who causes them to flow; and Harry Howard might well have a heavy heart, as he lay his head on his pillow that night, while the poor old widow and her grandson sat side by side, bewailing their dead favourite.

In a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Howard returned from their fortnight's visit to the North, and O the active little feet, and happy beaming faces that ran down to welcome them, as the carriage stopped at the door; it was the first time, in some of their short lives, that papa and mamma had been away from them, and it was pleasant to hear their pretty prattle, as almost before they entered the house, they began one after the other to tell their little stories; right joyful must it have made their parents' hearts to listen.

Freddy, a fine noble looking boy of four, had to tell how Nursey made a bootiful red bow, and sister Amy tied it on Blanche's collar, and how proud Blanche looked, and how grandly she walked; upon which, gentle Amy took up the tale, and rather sorrowfully told—for she did not quite like to expose Blanche's cowardice—how her little basket of wild flowers had gone swimming down the canal, and how dear Harry had tried in vain to reach it, and that Blanche,

silly little thing, would not go into the water at his bidding, but that luckily just then the queerest looking dog, with only one eye and no ears, jumped over Blanche's head, and, without being ordered at all, fetched it out.

Poor Harry's cheeks tingled all this time, just as people's cheeks will tingle when they have done anything they are ashamed of: every word Amy spoke, seemed about to lead to a discovery of his own misconduct, and he quite started when his father addressed him, though Mr. Howard's voice was full of love and kindness.

"Well, Harry, my boy, how have you got on? You were boasting, remember, that you should be commander-in-chief during my absence; I hope you faithfully discharged the master's first duty, that of setting a good example?"

Harry blushed, and stammered out "that he had got on very well; he had let Fred have two rides on his pony, and had given him some anemone roots for his garden." His father applauded him, but the allusion to his garden was an unfortunate one, and the tremulous voice in which he made it, did not escape his anxious mother's ears: though Mr. Howard was satisfied with Harry's report of himself, his wife thought it necessary to receive nurse's also, but nurse seemed quite disposed to let bygones be bygones.

Master Harry was growing a little unmanageable, to be sure, but all boys did at his age; he was apt to run out of bounds when they were walking, and what was worse still, he would tease baby so. no one said a word about Willy Archer's dog; the servants' sympathy with the poor lad had melted away as soon as he was out of sight, and knowing how little agreeable it is to parents in general to hear their children found fault with, none of them cared to stand forth as Harry's accuser; the gamekeeper had his own reasons for being silent, and as the boy himself made no complaint against the young gentleman, why should they? And thus the matter was allowed to drop.

Still Harry could not forget it; he felt, that by concealing an action which had caused so much shame to himself and grief to another, he was deceiving his parents; and every time they spoke kindly to him, he felt the misery of no longer possessing what his mother had told him was worth more than kingdoms:—

"A conscience as the noon-day clear."

There were times, too, when he thought upon his treatment of Willy Archer, and trembled, for he too well remembered what John the footman had said about Willy's teaching him a lesson, which he certainly had no desire to learn, particularly from him. Not that Harry was a coward; far from it! well matched and in a righteous cause, there is little doubt but that he would have been able to hold his own, as well as most boys of his age; but the young cottager was full twelve months' older than he, and much more strongly built: and there had been moreover something so bold and resolute in the expression of his eye, on the two occasions when they had come in contact with

each other, as made Harry feel, that should he take it into his head to avenge Gristle's death after a rustic fashion, there would be but small chance of his coming off with a whole skin.

But in spite of these inner thoughts of his, if any one had whispered to Harry, that it was the dread of an encounter with Willy Archer that kept him from going outside the lodge gates alone, and that made him draw closer to his father, and even to the nurse if no one else was at hand, whenever he saw Willy approaching, he would have spurned the idea with anger and disdain. Yet it was the case notwithstanding.

Still Harry and Willy often met in the public road, and no harm came of it; for although the young gentleman knew it not, there was around him an invisible shield, which preserved him from the effects of the peasant boy's resentment; a shield, on which were inscribed the words: "Avenge not thyself, neither give place unto wrath; vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Though now an orphan, it was not very

long ago that Willy Archer had had a mother, a good and holy woman, who, like the pious parent of the young Timothy, had made her boy to know the holy Scriptures from his childhood, and not to know how to read them only-for now-a-days most children can do that—but to meditate upon them, and to take them for the guide of his youth. Nor had the holy lessons she had taught him died with her: there they lay deep in his heart, closely and for ever associated with the dear and sacred memory of her, who had been to him as an angel of light and love; there they lay, ready to issue forth in words of solemn warning, whenever he was about to do or say anything unworthy of himself or her.

And thus, though it cost him many a struggle, to see the murderer of poor Gristle pass by him, looking so proud and grand, without, at least, reproaching him for his cruelty, he managed to keep down his rising anger, though he could not always help its shewing itself in his raised colour and parkling eye.

CHAPTER IV.

"I wonder what Willy Archer has done with that dear ugly old dog of his? he never takes it about with him now, Harry," said Amy Howard, as she was one evening walking with her father and brother, and saw Willy coming along the road.

"Nonsense, Amy, whatever does that signify to you? I wish you would not trouble yourself so about people and their dogs," replied Harry petulantly.

"Gently Harry! gently, my boy," said Mr. Howard, laying his hand on Harry's shoulder; "let Amy indulge her little wonderments if it affords her amusement; if I remember right, Willy and his dog

are old friends of hers."

"Not at all, papa! only Amy is so silly, and concerns herself about everybody's affairs. O dear, how hot it is," continued he, pretending to fan himself, "quite suffocating." And, indeed, Harry's face was

all in a glow, for by this time Willy was close upon them, and as he touched his hat respectfully to Mr. Howard and Amy, the eyes of the two boys met, and Harry thought he saw an expression of cool calm defiance in those of the peasant lad that made him tremble in spite of himself.

"Yes, dear papa, it was that poor boy's dog that swam down the canal after my basket, and do you know the dear old fellow"—

But here Amy suddenly stopped short, for Harry, who had stolen to the other side of her, gave her arm a sly pinch, which made her look quickly round, and although she could by no means understand why, she saw in a moment that she was saying something that made him angry.

It happened that Mr. Howard had just then stopped to look at some remarkably fine cattle, which were grazing in a meadow by the road side, and he did not therefore remark the sudden interruption of Amy's speech.

"And so the dog fetched the basket out

of the water, did he, Amy?" said he, as he resumed his walk. "I hope you expressed your gratitude in a becoming manner?"

"I could not, for he ran away even before I had time to pat him; Oh, I would give anything to see him again."

"I dare say he was one of those dogs that do so much mischief in the preserves," said Harry; "I am pretty sure he ran after hares and rabbits."

"I hope not," replied Mr. Howard, "I should be sorry indeed for my little Amy to have formed a friendship with a dog of bad character."

"But if he did, papa, it would not be his fault if he had been taught to do it?"

"O of course it was that boy that set him on," cried Harry; "Brown, the old keeper, used to say, that whenever a person kept a dog like that, you might be pretty sure he was a poacher."

"But, Harry, poor Willy looks so good," expostulated Amy.

"I agree with your sister, Harry," said

Mr. Howard; "there is nothing in Willy Archer's manners or appearance that would lead me to suspect him of doing wrong; he is always civil and respectful, and yet never afraid to look his superiors boldly in the face, which is seldom the case with those who have anything to conceal. You may take it for a rule, my son, that the man or boy who does anything he is ashamed to own, becomes from that moment a slave and a coward."

This was too much for poor Harry; he felt such a rising in the throat, that he could not utter another word; it was as much as he could do to help bursting into tears, and to hide at once and drive away this strange feeling, he started suddenly off in pursuit of a butterfly; had he been alone with his father, it is likely enough that he would have told him all, but his pride would not allow him to do so even in the presence of his sister. Poor Harry! can anyone say that he was not a slave and a coward?

"When pride cometh, then cometh shame."

Although Mr. Howard had seemed all this time to be taking little notice of what was passing in Harry's mind, he was not so unmindful of it as he appeared. knew young Archer to be a lad whose character stood high in the neighbourhood, and had himself often admired his honest open countenance, and fearless though respectful bearing; he was at a loss therefore to account for the unkind and almost spiteful manner in which his son spoke of him, and began to fear that there must be some evil influence at work in his own heart, since he was so ready to think ill of another. This impression was strengthened day by day, as he and his wife noticed, with deep concern, that Harry's temper became more irritable and his manners more overbearing. Constant complaints reached them both from the nursery and the servant's hall. John, the footman, who had been many years in Mr. Howard's service,

gave warning, because, as he said, "not the patientest man as ever lived—and he owned that he, John Mullins, was'nt that—could bear to be hurried and scurried and stormed at by a young gent as was hardly out of leading strings;" and as for nurse, in spite of the deep love she bore the handsome boy who had been her first charge, she could not be blind to the fact, that the nursery was in danger of becoming a scene of open rebellion; little Freddy was growing quite peevish, because "brother teased him so;" baby, instead of stretching out her arms, and crowing as she used to do whenever Harry entered the room, now turned away her face and hid it in nurse's bosom; even Amy was glad to escape into the darkest corner where she could play with her dolls in quiet out of Harry's way; in short, the boy's own heart was ill at ease, and so he contrived to make everybody about him uncomfortable too. The one great weed which he had neglected to uproot, had grown and grown until it had become so large that a number of little ones were springing up beneath its shadow, and his fond parents saw, to their dismay, that it needed some firmer hand than theirs to pluck them out.

In short, the time had come when Harry Howard must be sent to school?

But where should be be sent? that was the next question. It had always been Mr. Howard's intention that his son should be educated at Rugby, and thither he wished him to go at once; but mamma, with her fond, timid, woman's heart, shrunk from exposing her boy thus early to the trials and hardships, as she termed them, of a public school. Harry's health was too delicate, his feelings too sensitive to cope with them; he would pine and wither away in so cold and ungenial an atmosphere. She asked but for one short year to be spent under dear Miss Stanley's care, and then she would give him up, as give him up at last she knew she must, to Virgil and Dr. Arnold. Mr. Howard's judgment was far

from being convinced by his wife's arguments, but his affections were much more easily worked upon, and he yielded all the more readily, perhaps, because of the very high opinion he entertained of Miss Stanley.

This lady, an old and intimate friend of Mrs. Howard's, had been compelled by a reverse of fortune, to seek some means of gaining her own livelihood, and being a highly educated person, and very popular amongst a large circle of nephews, she had bethought herself of opening a preparatory school for young gentlemen in a parish adjoining that in which the Howards resided; and she had now carried it on for some years with great success.

To Miss Stanley, therefore, it was settled that Harry should for the present be sent.

When the young gentleman heard of this decision, he was extremely indignant. What! he, Harry Howard, the heir of the squire of the parish—the embryo barrister, who might, as uncle Graham said, some day or other be Lord Chancellor—he•

to be sent to a school kept by a woman; could anything be so mortifying? Such an ungentlemanly thing too, what could papa and mamma be thinking about? and whatever would his cousin, Horace Chumleigh, say when he heard of it.

And so Harry already aspired to the honors of manhood, and yet was guilty of many an unmanly act.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Harry Howard entered Miss Stanley's schoolroom, he cast a searching look round on his future companions, and found them, as he expected, not much to his taste. He took a dislike to one because his clothes looked rather shabby; to another, because he had small eyes and thick lips; and to a third, because his mother had thought proper to tie a black ribbon round his throat instead of a blue one; in short, there was some fault to be found in them all except three, and those three Harry at once fixed upon to be his friends, though I am really half-ashamed to let my young readers know the reason of his doing so,-but he preferred Tom Barnard and Charles and Reuben Wilson, only because he had learned from Miss Stanley's conversation with his mamma, that they were the three richest boys in the school. Not that there would have been anything wrong in his choosing them, if he

had first assured himself that they were good as well as rich; but that he never thought about, and so their friendship, as will presently be seen, did Harry no good. It would have been better for him if he had chosen thick-lipped Edward Ellis, or even the poor boy whose widowed mother could not afford to buy him fine clothes.

"Will you like to come and play with us, Howard," said Ellis to him as he sate alone in the schoolroom the first evening of his arrival, feeling very lonely, and wishing that he were at home in the nursery with Amy and Freddy, whom he felt then as if he would never tease again, "We're just going to have a capital game at 'prisoner's base.'"

In spite of his dislike of the thick lips, Harry thought that a good rousing game would be the most pleasant thing imaginable, and he was on the point of following Ellis to the playground, when Tom Barnard came in and called him aside.

"I say, don't you go off with that party,"

said he in a low mysterious whisper; "nobody does,—wait till they've cleared out, and then we'll be up to something."

Harry took the hint which his new friend intended to convey, though he was rather surprized to see twenty boys out of the five-and-twenty follow Ellis from the room. But he was soon given to understand what Barnard meant by the word—nobody.

"There, now we're rid of the riff-raff there's more room left for us. I suppose, Howard, you mean to belong to our party, the Barnardites, as we call ourselves?" said Charlie Wilson; "Barnard tells me you're a gentleman's son."

"I should think I am, indeed," said Harry, proudly; "why my father—," but Wilson did not seem to care much about Harry's father, for he interrupted him not very politely.

"Well, never mind about that! only if you belong to us, you must make up your mind to do as we do,—stick to one another through thick and thin, and no peaching, that's the figure! There's only five of us, for I can tell you it's a great honour to be a Barnardite. By-the-bye, have you got ten shillings in your purse, because we never take in any one who can't muster as much as that?"

Harry drew up his head and drew out his purse; how proud he looked as he exhibited the contents, a sovereign and two half-crowns!

"That's fine," cried Barnard, "he'll do, won't he, Wilson?" and it was curious to note how Harry grew in importance with his new friends from that moment.

Barnard now took upon himself to instruct Harry in what he called the secrets of the school; by which he meant the means used by him and his four companions to deceive Miss Stanley, and to mortify and insult the twenty boys who, according to his reading of the word, were not gentlemen.

To do Harry justice, I must say, that there was much in Barnard's conversation which he thought very disagreeable; in the first place, he did not like to hear Miss Stanley called the old woman, seeing that she was a very kind, respectable, middle-aged lady, and what was a still greater recommendation to him, a friend of his Mamma's: then. again, he could neither see the fun nor the propriety of a party of so-called young gentlemen, bribing the baker's boy to bring them cakes and sweetmests, which they could only eat after they were in bed, for fear of being found out. Harry liked good things as well as most boys, but still he thought them scarcely worth risking punishment for; and he began to feel almost sorry he had joined Barnard's party, if these were the only pleasures they could offer him.

He listened, however, with rather more interest, when Barnard went on to tell how sharp old Madam Stanley, as he rudely called her, was with the lessons, and what a grand favorite Ned Ellis was of her's because he always knew his so well. "Not

but what he is as stupid as an owl," continued Barnard, "only he's such a regular plodder, and so proud of being always at the top of the class."

"O that's it, is it?" thought Harry, "then look to your laurels Master Thicklips; it's odd if I can't get a-head of you, any how. Especially as I shall go home every Saturday, and can get Papa to help me."

Now Harry was really a very clever boy of his age, for his father had taken great pains with him; he was much quicker at learning than his sister, who had hitherto been his only rival, and could commit to memory much more easily than she could. He made no doubt, therefore, that he should very soon be at the top of the school, for Barnard and the Wilsons, who were all three considerably older than himself, did not blush to proclaim themselves dunces; at any rate he would try for it; and this resolution was a very wise one, if it had but been taken from a right motive, and carried on in a right spirit.

When Miss Stanley entered the schoolroom an hour later, she felt somewhat surprised and vexed to find her new scholar. whom she had purposely introduced to her favorite Edward Ellis, talking familiarly with Barnard and the two Wilsons, for she knew that they were not the best companions for him; but as Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Howard were near neighbours, and visited each other, it seemed natural that their sons should draw together, and she therefore thought it best not to interfere at present, though she determined to watch an opportunity for preventing a too great intimacy between them. By the time the boys were summoned in to bed, Harry and his new friends were on the best of terms.

"Howard! you couldn't lend me half-acrown, could you?" said Reuben Wilson coaxingly, as they met the next morning in a retired corner of the playground; "I want to buy some slate-pencil, and I've got no change!" This was quite a new request to Harry, who scarcely understood the meaning of the words lend and borrow; but never having been master of so much money before, he felt his importance very much increased by it, and without pausing to consider that half-a-crown would have more than bought up all the slate-pencil in the parish, he took out his purse, and handed that sum over to his friend: he did not observe the sly look exchanged between Reuben and his brother, as the former transferred it to his pocket.

When Miss Stanley had examined Harry as to his abilities, and the position he was to occupy in the classes, he was very well pleased to find himself placed above several boys who were older than he, though still considerably below Ellis, whose name stood at the head of the class, in which his own was entered.

And now there began a race between these two boys, a friendly one on the part of Edward, who desired only to keep the honorable position he had already obtained; while Harry, on the contrary, was bent on

fetching him down; this he soon found, however, would be no easy task. though far from being clever, was, as Barnard had described him, a plodder; that is to say, he was both industrious and persevering, and so anxious for improvement, that for all his boyish love of play, in which he was outdone by no boy in the school, he had never been known to lay aside his books, until every lesson was thoroughly prepared. Though Harry had little difficulty, therefore, in passing several others who were above him, he could never obtain the least advantage over Edward; and I am sorry to say, that this circumstance, which if he would but have listened to the naturally generous instincts of his heart, would have increased his respect for his rival, only made him dislike him the more.

At first, Edward tried hard to overcome this prejudice, and to win him to become his friend, for with all his faults, Harry was a very loveable boy; but his advances were so coolly received, and even rudely repulsed, that he soon grew tired of making them; and Howard, following the bad example of Barnard and the two Wilsons, treated him and all the rest of his school-fellows with so much contempt, that first, Ellis, and then, by degrees, all the others, withdrew from him, and he was at once set down as a Barnardite.

Meanwhile, his intimacy with these three boys increased daily; by acting upon their instructions, however, he contrived conceal it from Miss Stanley, for although Harry had been shocked at first, at the idea of deceiving his governess, it is surprising how soon he fell into the wicked habit; perhaps, indeed, he scarcely knew that he was falling into it, for he was so accustomed to hear Barnard exclaim, directly he heard Miss Stanley's voice on the stairs, "I say, be off, Howard; don't let the old lady catch us doing this, that, or the other," that he took it as a matter of course, and used to draw away and catch up his book or slate, and pretend to be very industrious, never

thinking the while, that he was acting a lie, or remembering those awful words: "He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house."

I have said, that Miss Stanley's school was situated in the parish adjoining that in which Harry lived, and where Willy Archer's grandmother rented a small cottage belonging to Mr. Howard; as it was not more than two miles from one to the other, it sometimes happened, that the boys, when out walking, were met by Willy, whose master's business often led him in that direction, and on these occasions he generally stopped to look at the long train of boys, many of them almost his own age, and, if the truth must be told, to indulge in the ambitious wish, that he, like them, might spend his days in learning Latin and geography, instead of folding sheep and driving plough.

One day as he stood watching them as usual, his eye fell most unexpectedly on Harry Howard, and his face instantly assumed its old expression of angry defiance, but he soon moved on, and was presently heard whistling away across the fields.

"How insolently that boy stared at you, Howard," said Charlie Wilson; "and how savage he looked," chimed in Reuben; "for my part, I thought he was going to pounce on you, and carry you off bodily! do you know him, pray?"

"O yes! but he's nobody;" said Harry, in some confusion.

"Well, I didn't suppose he was anybody of much consequence," said Charlie, laughing: "you do not think I took him for an intimate friend of your's, I suppose; but do you know his name?"

"I think it's Archer," said Harry, again acting a falsehood, for he knew perfectly well that was his name; "he lives in one of our cottages!"

"Then why did'nt he touch his hat to you, I should like to know," said Barnard, joining in the conversation: "my father makes every boy in the place bow to me." "O never mind, it doesn't signify," said Harry,—" Look, look, yonder runs a squirrel;" and delighted with the opportunity of calling off the attention of his companions from so disagreeable a subject, he at once started off to try and catch another sight of the fleet little animal, which was, however, up the nearest tree in a twinkling, and now looking down defiance at them from its post of safety.

But though interrupted now, the same remarks were repeated every time Willy chanced to come across their path, until at last Harry began to fancy that a great injury was done him, whenever the boy passed without saluting him.

At length came a bright sunshiny half-holiday, and Harry and his school-fellows were, to their great delight, let out to spend it in a field belonging to a neighbour of Miss Stanley's, one of those kind joyous-hearted men, who, remembering the time when they were boys themselves, like nothing better than to see a large party of

happy rosy-faced youngsters, enjoying themselves with that freedom from restraint, which it is their nature to love so well. "Turn your boys all loose into my meadow," he had used to say to Miss Stanley, who was sometimes a little too anxious about them, "and let them see that you can trust them, and then never fear, but a sense of honour will keep them from going astray."

And good Mr. Woodley was right, so far as boys in general are concerned; but he forgot that there are a few in the world who have no sense of honour, and such are never to be trusted.

Out, however, into the field went Miss Stanley's twenty-five boys, and the greater part of them were soon busily employed in setting up their wickets, and drawing lots for the best players, preparatory to a good hearty game at cricket: Harry thought he should very much like to join them, and he had almost made up his mind to pocket his pride, and ask Ellis to admit him, when Reuben called to him to come and join his

own party in a game at ball; "I'd a good deal rather play at cricket," said Harry, "can't we join these fellows for once." I think I see myself playing with them," cried Barnard, looking down at his snow-white trousers, and strutting about in the same consequential way, as the peacock at home strutted about amongst the barn-door fowls: "if that's your taste, Master Howard, you'd better join their party at once; for my own part, I know my place better, and you don't catch me being hail-fellow-well-met with everybody. My governor wouldn't be best pleased if I was either."

Harry was not yet far enough advanced in schoolboy slang, to know who Barnard meant by his "governor," and even if he had been, he entertained too much love and respect for his own father, to have fallen into the vulgar habit of applying the epithet to him, but he gathered from Barnard's speech, that if he meant to keep friends with him and his little circle, he must at once and for ever give up all desire

to join in the general amusements of the school, and as there was nothing he loved better than a good game at cricket, he hesitated for a moment to think, whether by giving it up he should not be paying rather too high a price, even for Barnard's friendship; unluckily, just at that moment, Edward Ellis ran past: now, if poor Edward had a fault, it was certainly that of being too careless about his personal appearance; he was just then very much heated with the exertion of arranging his game, his thick lips looked thicker than ever, his shoes and jacket were covered with dust, his trowsers were torn, his neckerchief hung loosely round his throat, altogether he formed such a contrast with the sprucely dressed Barnard, that it decided the point at once, for Harry felt that he never could be friends with such a common-looking boy as that.

Ah! Harry Howard! who knows but that that common looking boy, with his plodding industry, and his close observation, and his large and manly heart, may not some day stand forth among the world's worthies, and have his name go down to future ages, honoured and beloved, when those you now set so much above him are forgotten; such things have been, and such things may be again, "for all is not gold that glitters," Harry!

Barnard and his companions were soon tired of playing at ball, and to rest themselves they lay down upon the grass and began to talk. Their conversation was not, I am sorry to say, very edifying, or at all worth noting down here. And as we know that an account will be required of every *idle word* in the Day of Judgment, I grieve to think of the many foolish, not to say wicked things that were uttered, some of them even by our friend Harry himself.

At length, Reuben Wilson started suddenly up,—"Now Howard," said he, "here's such an opportunity as you'll never have again of making that fellow Archer take off his hat to you. Here he comes over the stile yonder,—don't you see, there

are two other boys with him; he must be coming across here, for there's no other path,—so up with you, and let us way-lay him. It's odd if we can't make him do what we please, and we five to three."

"Nonsense, Wilson! let the boy alone; I don't want to interfere with him if he doesn't interfere with me," said Harry, turning very red.

"But if you don't want to, I want you should," said the other, without paying much attention to his grammar. "And so do I,—and I,—and I,"—cried the other three, eagerly starting up. "We'll have some glorious fun with him; here Charlie, do you go that side and I'll stand here," said Reuben, "and you Howard must take the middle of the path, so that he can't pass without pushing by you."

"I tell you I wont have anything to do with him," said Harry, feeling more and more uncomfortable. "Papa would not like me to quarrel or fight with old Dame Archer's grandson.

"What then! do you always ask Pa what you may do?" asked Barnard in a mocking tone. Harry winced; like most boys of his age, he could bear anything better than ridicule. By this time, Willy and his two companions were coming quietly along the path which led from one end of the field to the other; and just as they approached the spot where they stood, Barnard pushed Harry into the middle of it, while the two Wilsons placed themselves on either side of him, so as completely to block it up.

Willy saw their intention, and his cheeks burned as usual; but slipping quietly on one side, he would have passed on without further notice, but for a remark of Barnard's, —"Why don't you box his ears, Howard, and then he'll remember another time who you are." "He'd better not, master," said Willy, stopping suddenly, and turning redder than ever.

"Now Bill Archer, now's your time," cried one of his companions; while the

other, taking up the word, continued,—
"You always said as how 'twould be cowardly to touch him, because you're older and stronger than him; but now here's five on 'em to us three, so if I was you, I'd pay him off for killing old Gristle."

Do you know who you're talking of, boy," cried Harry, terribly ashamed of this exposure, and feeling his courage very much heightened by seeing himself so well supported.

"O yes, I know you very well, master Harry Howard, and so does Bill Archer, don't you Bill? He's good cause too, he has!"

"Come Archer, off with your jacket, and tell him to defend himself," cried the other boy, dragging forward the still irresolute Willy, and placing him immediately in front of his opponent.

Harry began to feel a sort of cold chill running over him.—Willy looked so big and so angry.

"He don't seem in much hurry to begin,

though he is so much older and bigger," cried Barnard, looking contemptuously at Willy, who stood with his jacket half off, as if he scarcely knew what to do.

But at these words, it was off in a moment, and the peasant-boy drew himself up until he looked several inches taller than before, as he placed himself in front of Barnard, and said,—

"I won't touch master Harry Howard, for he's a deal less than I am; and besides that, Madam Howard has been very good to grandmother. But as for you, master, you or yours never did a good turn for me or mine, and you're a big fellow, so I'm ready for you as soon as you please; and Jem Robins, I'll thank you to stand back and let us have the game all to ourselves. It strikes me I shan't want much help to teach this young gentleman better manners."

In the meantime the attention of the cricketers had been drawn to what was passing, and suddenly stopping their game, they ran hastily up, just as Harry and

Willy had been forced opposite each other.

"Howard, you're not going to fight that boy," cried Edward Ellis, venturing in the warmth of his feelings to seize hold of Harry's arm, as if to draw him away.—
"Don't do it, there's a good fellow,—pray don't: there's nothing Miss Stanley is so particular about; let me hear what's the matter, I'll settle it for you. Tell me, my boy, what's it all about," he continued, appealing to Willy.

Harry, who was just then feeling the cold chill, was really very grateful to Ellis for this interference, though he would have been ashamed to acknowledge it, and most heartily did he wish that he would force him from the spot, for he longed to get out of the affair with honor, as he called it. But just at that moment the quarrel was, as we have seen, transferred to Barnard, and then Ellis was more at ease, for he felt pretty sure that he would take care of himself.

And so it happened; for Barnard had no intention of allowing his dress to be soiled by coming in contact with poor Willy's not over-clean hands; and he at once withdrew from the encounter, declaring that "it was no quarrel of his." Reuben Wilson; he was the biggest and strongest boy of the party, and he was moreover a bully at heart, one who loved fighting for fighting-sake. He had seen with displeasure one after the other of his schoolfellows retire from the contest, and fully determined that the opportunity of forcing that stubborn young peasant to doff his cap in the august presence of Miss Stanley's boys, should not be lost, he confronted Willy in such a threatening attitude, and with such rude, insulting words, that he aroused all the worst passions of the boy's somewhat excitable nature; with a degree of ferocity that few would have supposed him capable of, Willy Archer doubled his fists, and prepared to deal Reuben a blow, that would have taught him to feel more respect for his strength and courage, when suddenly the form of his mother seemed to rise between them, and his hand fell powerless by his side; in a moment the lion was changed into a lamb.

Happy, thrice happy the child, the boy, the man whose guardian angel assumes a mother's form; for most surely does the halo of even her fancied presence, cast a barrier around him, within which nothing unholy dare intrude.

Willy turned away and picked up his jacket, to the evident disappointment of his two companions.

"Coward! sneak! shame upon you! shame upon you!" was echoed on every side.

"Brave boy! noble boy!" seemed his mother's voice to say: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

But though these words were spoken to his heart, they were very different ones that sounded in his ear. "O the coward! the sneaking, bragging coward! I thought what those fierce looks would come to," cried Reuben, as Willy turned away, and Barnard and even Harry echoed again and again the hard word "coward."

Poor Willy's bosom heaved, and a big tear rolled down his cheek: and for why? because deep down in his heart, so deep as almost to escape detection, there flourished, poor boy as he was, a stray plant of that ill weed, pride. And so, although his conscience told him he was right in not fighting, he could not bear to have his courage called in question.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY Howard felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his heart when he saw Archer take up his jacket and walk away, reluctantly followed by his two mortified companions. He joined, as we have said, in the general cry against him, and like the rest fully believed that it was fear alone which had caused him to turn so suddenly from his threatened attack on Reuben Wilson. As he had himself, in spite of his cold chills, contrived to conceal from his schoolfellows how much he had shared the feeling, he fancied that he had come off with flying colours, and silently congratulated himself on having gained so easy a victory.

When the cricketers had returned to their game, his own party drew round him, and eagerly enquired into the history of the dog to which such frequent allusion had been made, and as Harry had no longer any reason for withholding it, he told them how a frighful little cur, belonging to the boy Archer, had trespassed in their park, and actually attacked his own favorite rabbit; and how he, on seeing it, had ordered the gamekeeper to shoot it. spirited act of his, as it was called, drew forth the loud applause of his listeners, especially of the two Wilsons, who having no home or servants of their own, their parents being in India, could not help thinking how charming it must be, even to have a gamekeeper, much more to order him about at pleasure. Harry began to think that he had made a great mistake in supposing he had been over-hasty in procuring Gristle's death, and he all but made up his mind to tell his parents of it the next time he went home, and was only deterred by the not very unreasonable fear that they might take a different view of the case. And indeed Harry no longer made a point, as he had once done, of confiding all his little secrets to his mamma. It would have been well for him if he had; for all boys and girls may be sure, that there is nowhere to be found so safe a counsellor when in doubt, or so true a friend when in difficulty, as a mother; but young Howard having kept one secret from his mother, saw no reason why he should not keep many. And thus it happened, that though he had much to tell when he paid his weekly visits at home, there was also much which he chose to conceal.

He told, for instance, how high he stood in his class, and what a good chance he had of obtaining the first prize, and how Miss Stanley had been heard to say, that she thought young Howard would do her more credit than any boy in the school. This last piece of information Harry gave with a modest blush, for it occurred to him while he was speaking, that it would have come better from any one than himself. He next told what jolly fellows the Wilsons were, and what glorious fun he and they and Tom Barnard had had in Mr. Woodley's

field,—but he said not a word about his encounter with Willy Archer, nor did he tell of the two half-crowns and sundry shillings which Reuben Wilson had borrowed of him, and forgotten to repay; or of the money which he and his companions spent in hardbake and gingerbread, and other still more unwholesome trash, all brought in, I am sorry to say, by the baker's boy, without Miss Stanley's knowledge, although he very well knew that it was these that produced the pale cheeks which made his mamma look so anxiously at him.

In the meantime, weeks and months rolled on, and as the important day approached, which was to decide who was to have the first prize, and consequently be the head of the school next half-year, the race between Harry Howard and Edward Ellis became every day more warmly contested; Edward was so much afraid of losing his place in his class, and thus giving his rival an advantage over him, that he gave

up all kind of recreation, and devoted the whole of his time to study; the two boys were now so close together, that an imperfect lesson or an ill-written exercise, might at once decide it against either, and the consciousness of this made poor Edward so nervous, that there seemed great danger of its producing the effects he dreaded.

One morning Miss Stanley entered the school-room half-an-hour later than usual, and on seating herself, said, good humouredly,

"Now, boys—there's not a moment to lose; your industry must make up for my want of punctuality. Ellis, bring up the first class for geography!"

Ellis rose rather more reluctantly than usual, to obey the order: he had been bending over his books for two hours before, and Barnard, who was fond of trying to pass for a wit, had called Harry's attention to the fact, "that Ned Ellis's eyes had sunk so far back into his head, that he supposed they were gone to look for his missing brains."

This sensible speech called forth a loud

laugh from all who heard it—except, indeed, poor Ellis himself, whose heightened colour shewed, however, that it had not been lost upon him.

To be sure, Harry did not know that his rival was suffering from a violent head-ache; if he had, I think he would not have joined in the laugh against him.

The class was soon assembled round Miss Stanley's table, Edward taking his station at the head of it, but all was to go wrong with him that day. When he should have begun to repeat his lesson, no words came, his memory seemed a blank—in vain Miss Stanley, contrary to her custom, prompted the first word—Edward looked around him as if bewildered, and remained silent; after waiting much longer than usual, Miss Stanley's eye passed on to Harry, who repeated the lesson without missing a word, as did most of the others, and so at last did Ellis, but it was too late; the place he had filled with so much credit for five months, was lost, and Harry Howard passed up.

Tom Barnard made a gesture, as if to applaud, but was instantly checked by Miss Stanley, and I am glad to say, that Harry himself, far from triumphing over his rival, felt his joy at having obtained the object of his ambition mingled with something like regret, as he witnessed the sorrowful expression which passed over poor Edward's face.

All having repeated their lessons, the boys now turned to their maps; but Edward's wits were still wandering; he tried in vain to remember the capital of Persia; failed altogether in giving the latitude and longitude of the Loo Choo Islands, and to crown the disasters of the hour, blundered out, that Liverpool was a celebrated port on the river Severn!

"You are sure of the prize now, Howard," said Ellis, as they returned to their seats.

Yes, Harry felt pretty sure of it himself; but, for the first time, the thought occurred to him, should he really deserve it more than Ellis, or, all things considered, half as much? His conscience answered, that he would not; and, to his honor be it told, that he had the courage to admit it.

"I may have the book, Ellis," said Harry, "but you will have something better still, the feeling that you have deserved it, for you have taken much more pains with your lessons than I have." "Do you really think so, Howard?" said Ellis, clasping his hand, as if he would have wrung it off, "Do you really think so? But if you do, you're a noble fellow to acknowledge it; and there isn't a boy in England that I would so soon lose it to as you."

As Edward spoke, his plain countenance was lighted up with the glowing reflection of a high and generous nature; and Harry Howard, faulty as he was, had too much goodness in him not to love goodness in another. It was a long time since he had felt such a pleasant sensation creeping about his heart, as he did just then; Edward's words fell like a refreshing shower on the delicate little buds of brotherly love,

that had sprung up during that morning's lesson; and although Harry suspected it not, from that moment Ellis and he were friends.

There was still a month to the holidays, and therefore just a possibility of Edward's regaining his lost advantage over Harry; but he knew it was not very likely, and, for some reason or other, he now scarcely seemed to wish it.

"Let him have it; I don't grudge it him a bit," said the generous boy to one of his friends, who had been expressing his regret that another should wear the honours which he thought belonged of right to him. "We do'nt know Harry Howard yet; he keeps aloof from us because Barnard got hold of him and persuaded him to join his set. But he's worth them all put together; and you'll see some day or other he'll come out a far nobler fellow than you expect."

And for the future, though Edward never intruded himself on Harry, he was always in the way to do him an act of kindness when required. He thought, perhaps, to melt him, by heaping coals of fire on his head.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was yet one more treat for Miss Stanley's boys to enjoy before they went home for the holidays, and it was, in fact, the great treat of the half-year, being given on their governess's birthday. Those who were older scholars than Harry, and therefore knew more about the matter than he could be expected to do, had been talking for weeks before of the grand cricket match to which eleven of "our boys"-"fellows" though they called themselves as sounding more manly-had challenged eleven of Tarleton's, Tarleton being the master of the grammar school belonging to a neighbouring town. A gay and animated scene was Mr. Woodley's field to present on that day; there was to be a beautiful white tent pitched in one corner, and such a feast spread beneath it as seldom falls to the lot of schoolboys, where they might eat fruits and sweetmeats

to their heart's content, without any dread of being found out. And it was not at all unlikely that many strangers would turn in to see the game, and then what a triumph for the winners, which they, of course, fully pursuaded themselves they would be.

One of the most surprising features of this grand affair was to be, that the Barnardites would, for once, come down from their stilts and join with the other boys, for Barnard and Charlie Wilson were two of the best hands, and it was not to be supposed that they would lose such an opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

Harry, by-the-bye, was no great player, so he could only act the part of scout.

At length the anxiously-expected 1st of June arrived, and proved to be the brightest and sunniest 1st of June that had been known for years, and I should think few happier and gayer hearts arose to welcome it, than those which beat in the bosoms of Miss Stanley's twenty-five boys; even the Barnardites looked happy and contented,

and with the exception of Charlie Wilson, were almost amicable.

The boys were all up and dressed a full hour earlier than usual, but Miss Stanley advised them, as they had a very fatiguing day before them, to amuse themselves quietly for an hour or two, until breakfast was ready. Edward Ellis and one or two more who were rather doubtful of the strength of their memories, took the opportunity of just reading over the morrow's lesson which they had learned the evening before. Harry amused himself with a story-book. Barnard with turning over his gloves and neckties, and trying on, for the twentieth time, his natty little cricketing jacket. As for Reuben Wilson, whenever he could do it without being observed, he spent his time in cutting notches in the desks.

They breakfasted at eight; and as there were yet three hours to pass away before Tarleton's boys would arrive, three or four of the elder ones asked leave to go into the field to watch the men putting up the tents; and Miss Stanley, acting on Mr. Woodley's favorite plan, consented.

For some time they found plenty of amusement, and made themselves very useful in holding the ropes, and helping to peg down the sides of the canvas; and when the tent was up, it formed such a pleasant shelter, that they gladly lay down to rest after their exertions. But they soon found out that that was not a day for rest, and as they saw a pair of Mr. Woodley's horses drawing a large iron roller up and down the field to level the ground where they were to play, they were quickly up and out again.

"I'm sure it's very good of Mr. Woodley to take all this trouble for us," remarked Ellis, as they stood watching the operation.

"O, trust him, he knows very well what he's about," said Barnard, "he rents ever so much land of my father, and of course he's expected to do as much for me."

Barnard did not think it necessary to

explain that this "ever so much land" consisted of just three acres, which came up close to Mr. Woodley's garden, and for which he paid a great deal more than it was worth in consequence.

But Edward, though he was too goodnatured to say so, saw in this no reason why he should lend them his field and his horses; and it did not therefore in the least diminish his feeling of gratitude towards him.

"I wish we had been nearer our park, and then we could have played there," said Harry."

"But don't you think this is a very nice place to play in," asked Pritchard, one of the eleven, who felt jealous for the honor of the field in which they had passed so many happy hours. "O yes! it will do very well," said Harry, "only there is so much more room in our park, and we could not be overlooked there!" Was Harry remembering, I wonder, that he was only a scout?

"But being overlooked is half the fun," said Charlie Wilson; "I wouldn't give a fig to play, if there were not plenty to look at us. What! waste such batting as mine on the empty air indeed? No! that I would'nt for any body."

But Harry being neither batter nor bowler, still thought it would be much more agreeable not to be overlooked.

"I wonder what time those Tarleton fellows will be here?" said Barnard, yawning, "Not before eleven, I suppose; and it's now only half-past nine. I shall be tired of waiting, I know,—shan't you, Reuben?" "I'm tired now," said Reuben, stretching himself. "I wish I had'nt got up so early. I say, Barnard, come and take a walk, will you?" "With all my heart; Howard, will you come?"

"May we?" asked Howard cautiously.

"May we, indeed?" echoed Barnard in a mocking tone; "Why what a spooney you are to be sure. What's to prevent us, pray?

Harry thought it was rather silly of him to ask such a question as that; and off the three went.

They sauntered about for some time with their arms about each others shoulders, talking as schoolboys, and not very wise schoolboys either, will talk.

Now and then there came an expression from Reuben's lips which Harry had not yet learned to tolerate; and when he heard such a one, his arm fell off from Reuben's shoulder; but some how it very soon found its way back again, and instead of turning back and rejoining Edward Ellis, as he more than once thought of doing, he kept on until they had reached the farthest corner of the field: here stood a small half-broken-down gate, which Harry had never before observed, and which led into a sort of copse.

"By the bye, Howard, you've never been in here, have you," said Barnard, opening the gate.

[&]quot;No.—Where does it lead to?" "To

the fairy spring to be sure," said Barnard, giving Reuben a sly look. "Did not you know that Queen Mab holds her court in these parts; and that it is from here she sends out all those queer little people, that used to play such pranks with us when we were good little boys?"

Now in former times, when he had been really a good little boy, Harry had been very fond of fairy tales; and although he had too much sense to believe them true, he had learned many a useful lesson from the sayings and doings of the fairies; he did not therefore quite like to hear them spoken of in such a light manner, and this caused him to say rather sharply,—

- "Nonsense, Barnard! What rubbish you talk! I wish you'd shut the gate and come along."
- "There he's frightened,—scared out of his seven senses!" cried Barnard. "I told you he would be, Wilson."
- "Yes!" said Wilson, "I always knew poor Howard was rather chicken-hearted;

but I never supposed he'd be afraid of fairies!"

"And who says I am afraid, pray?" cried Harry, in a more angry tone than they had ever heard him use before. "Do you think I'm silly enough to believe in what's impossible?" "I believe you would'nt venture inside this gate and down that path yonder, for all the gold and diamonds ever made by all the fairies in fairy land," said Barnard, tauntingly. "You shall soon see that, then," cried Harry, falling into the snare; and the next moment he was through the gate and making his way boldly down the narrow path.

"Bravo! Harry my boy, that's well done," cried Barnard, following close at his heels, "No one shall ever say again, in my hearing, that you're chicken-hearted. We were only joking, my fine fellow; but I wanted you to see this place, and you may as well go on now you are here."

But Harry remembered now, for the first

time, that they were out of bounds; and knowing how particular Miss Stanley was on that point, he made a motion to return, but the path was so narrow, and the sides were so overgrown with brambles, that he found it impossible to pass his two companions, who pushed him forward until, in a few minutes, he found himself standing on the edge of a large pond, which was so completely shut in with trees, that it was only here and there that it could be seen.

"What a beautiful spot!" cried Harry, enchanted, "and so close to our field too."

"Yes, forming part of it as you may say," said Reuben; "So you see there's no harm in coming here; Charlie and I come very often."

"Do you?" said Harry; "And does Miss Stanley know it?" "Can't say,—I never asked her," returned Reuben.

"Of course you did not; but I mean would she be angry if she caught us here?"

"Very likely; for she's often angry without cause. But I tell you, man, we're

in the field, for this path just leads nowhere; so the old lady can't make us out of bounds any way."

"I wish you would not call Miss Stanley the 'old lady,' Wilson; I've told you before she's not so very old; and I don't choose to hear a friend of my mamma's spoken of in that manner."

"And who are you, pray, Master Howard, that you dare to dictate to me what I am, and what I'm not to call my schoolmistress. I must bring you down a peg or two, young fellow!" and the great rough boy placed himself in a threatening posture just in Harry's way.

"What a fool you are, Wilson, to be sure," exclaimed Barnard, pushing him aside; "you know very well we did'nt come here to quarrel and bully one another. We haven't more than an hour to spare; Do you mean to have a bathe or not?" "To be sure I do," said Reuben, beginning, much to Harry's horror, to take off his clothes, "What else did I come here for,

pray?" and Barnard following his example, they were both soon in the water.

At first, Harry intended to leave them directly, and make the best of his way to the house; but he stood still a minute or two to watch them, as they dabbled about in the clear cool stream.

"Beautiful! is'nt it?" cried Wilson;
"Won't this brace our nerves up for cricketing?" "And give us a fine appetite for eating too?" rejoined Barnard. "I only wish it was dinner time! You'd better come in, Harry; you won't get such another cooling to-day, I tell you."

"No, I thank you," said Harry, "I'm going back;" but he thought he would take just one more look at them first.

The sun shone through the thick branches of the trees upon the clear gently-rippling water;—it was the slightest possible movement, caused by a tiny waterfall a little higher up. The two boys ducked and dived, and then threw the water about, till the drops fell cool and refreshing in Harry's face.

"How very pleasant it looks?" quoth Harry.

"I believe you, my lad; and it's just as pleasant as it looks. Come Harry, come in; don't be a coward."

How Harry hated that word, coward; it always made his cheeks tingle!

"I'm not a coward," cried he, petulantly, "But I don't choose to come."

"That's right, lose your temper about it," said Wilson, "Just look, Barnard, how pale he is." These last words were spoken in an undertone, but not low enough to escape Harry's ears, nor did Wilson intend they should be.

Wicked, disobedient boys are never happy until they have made others as bad as themselves.

"Yes! it's a dreadful thing is that fear," said Barnard, in his quiet mocking tone; "How much enjoyment it deprives those poor fellows of, who give way to it."

"But I'm not a bit afraid," said Harry, "and you shall see that I'm not either"; and he began to undress. Poor Harry! he was indeed not a slave to fear; but he was a slave to something ten times worse,—the pride that could not bear to be taunted, even by those whom he knew to be unworthy his respect and love; would that he had then thought of those words of the wise man, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall."—(Prov. iv., 14—16.)

Harry found the water quite as cool and pleasant as he expected; and he began to think, as was usual with him when he had taken the first step in evil, that there could be no harm in strengthening himself up for the amusement that was before him. The first drawback was a loud and startling cry from Barnard:

"I say, Howard, dont you sail in that direction; there's a hole there big enough to drown an elephant.

Harry turned quickly round, just in time to see that his two amiable friends were laughing at him. They shan't catch me so again," thought he, "I'll take care of that"; and accordingly, when a minute or two afterwards, Wilson came close to him, and gave him a rough jerk round, telling him not for the world to venture beyond the spot where they now were, for that that part of the pond was really full of holes, Harry grew very angry; and shaking him impatiently off, determined to prove his courage by going to the very place where they told him not to go.

"Barnard!" cried Wilson, in a tone of unfeigned alarm, "this fellow will drown himself, in spite of us; you're a witness that I warned him in time." "Nonsense, "you're only laughing at me, I know," cried Harry, "there are no——

But he stopped short, for he was just then seized with a sudden and very violent pain in his leg, and when he tried to stretch it out, he found, to his dismay, that he could not touch the bottom. Harry had never been in the water before in his life, and had not the slightest idea how to swim; he turned himself round, and tried to regain his footing, but the pain was so excruciating that he could not use his leg, and feeling himself sinking, he uttered a cry of horror and stretched out his arms towards Wilson;—the latter made an attempt to seize him, but failed, and then rushed distractedly towards the edge of the water, calling aloud for help! in which cry Barnard, also making for the land, vociferously joined.

"O don't leave me!—don't leave me here to drown!—pray don't!—Reuben!—Barnard!—don't leave me!" cried Harry, in a suffocating tone, as he floated for a moment on his outstretched arms—but they were gone, and the poor boy gave himself up for lost;—but just then a voice sounded from the shore, a little higher up the stream.

"Hold on, Master Harry!—hold on, sir! as you value your life!—I'm coming!—I'm coming!—I only wish I'd my poor

Gristle here, he'd have had you out in no time." But the last word that Harry heard of this speech, was the name of Gristle, and it sounded in his ears like his own death knell!—then there was the cracking of branches,—a splash—a buffetting of the waters—and some one clasped his outstretched hand, and then he fell asleep.

When he next awoke to consciousness he was lying on Miss Stanley's bed, and he and the doctor were bending anxiously over him. He opened his eyes; but they felt so dizzy, and the light dazzled them so painfully, that he was glad to close them again. He tried to collect his thoughts, but the events of the last few hours were as a frightful dream, the threads of which he tried in vain to gather up.

It was not until several days afterwards that Harry learned how very near he had been to the entrance of the "valley of the shadow of death," and how a merciful Providence had nerved the heart and strengthened the arms of Willy Archer

to fetch him back from thence; and then how did Harry's pale face crimson with the blush of shame to find that he owed his life to the coolness and courage of the very boy, whom but a few weeks' before he had taunted with the opprobrious name of "coward."

In the course of an hour or two after the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Howard arrived, full of alarm and grief at the peril to which their darling child had been exposed—grief that was all the more acute, because they knew that the accident had been caused by Harry's own disobedience. The present, however, was not the time to reprove him, and they were, besides, too grateful to Almighty God for His signal preservation of him to think of much else.

In the course of the afternoon Harry was wrapped warmly in blankets and taken home; as he was being lifted into the carriage his eyes met those of Edward Ellis, who had been wandering restlessly about all day, with his looks constantly directed towards the window of the room in which Harry lay, and asking every one he met for tidings of him; and now, as I said, those eyes met, and though it was only for a moment, the glance of each said to the other, "We have been rivals hitherto, but for the future we will be friends."

As for Wilson and Barnard, they were, as they richly deserved to be, confined to their own rooms; and as soon as ever Harry and his parents were gone, Miss Stanley sat down and wrote to the parents of the one and the English friends of the other, begging of them, as they were now growing too big for her school, to remove them at once,—and they were removed forthwith. I am sorry to say, not being very regardful of truth, they made out a story which led their friends to believe that they had been guilty of no fault, and had therefore been very harshly dealt with.

On this point I leave my young readers to judge for themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

Poor Harry's ducking caused him a severe illness; he was not a strong boy, and his delicate frame received a shock, from which it did not easily recover; for several days he hovered between life and death, and even after the danger was over, he had to bear a great deal of pain: but when once the dreadful aching of his head and limbs had ceased, he did not find it half so wearisome as he expected, to lie on the sofa in his mamma's dressing-room, and be tenderly nursed and petted by her and Amy; especially as he had no longer any concealments from his parents. As soon as ever the doctor would allow him to use his tongue, he had related to his mamma everything that had happened to him, from the moment when in a fit of passion, resulting, as he now saw, from wounded pride, he had given orders for the destruction of poor Gristle, until that, when unable to bear the taunts of his unworthy

companions, he had, in express disobedience to Miss Stanley's rules, ventured into the water; and thereby so nearly lost his life. Mrs. Howard trembled as she listened, but at the same time gratefully felt that this catastrophe, fatally as it might have ended, had probably been permitted by a merciful God, in order to save her beloved child from something worse than death: for who shall say to what his continued intimacy with such bad boys as Barnard and Wilson, might not, in the end, have led.

And now that she possessed the key to Harry's altered temper, often would she, with all a mother's tender faithfulness, help him to look back on the events of his short life, and see how most of his trials had been caused by his own mistakes; and how surely, what he might at the time have considered little sins, had led him on to the commission of great ones. She shewed him that, in the first instance, he had failed in duty to his parents, by keeping anything concerning himself a secret from them; and that, secondly, by

choosing his friends for mere outside qualities, such as fine dress or plausible manners, without regard to their principles and conduct, he had laid himself open to the danger of being enticed by them into wrong paths.

"But do you know, mamma," said Harry, when the conversation had reached this point, "I think, that in my heart of hearts, I always liked Edward Ellis, better than any boy in the school; only Barnard made such fun of him; and to be sure he is not very good looking, he has such a strange mouth and such queer little eyes."

"And yet, Harry, I thought they beamed very kindly on you as we passed out of the gate, which he was holding open for us the other day."

"So they did, mamma," cried Harry, his own fine eyes filling with tears at the recollection: "and I don't think he could look cross at anybody. I've quite made up my mind to be friends with him when I go back again; and I only wish I'd gone with him at first, instead of with that fellow Wilson.

I think I should have been a much better boy."

"I have no doubt of it, love," said his mother; "for it is with boys at school, as it is with men in the world, their characters may generally be judged of by the company they keep."

Sometimes after talking with Harry in this tender loving manner, Mrs. Howard would read a few well-selected passages from God's Word, and then kneeling down by his side, she would fervently pray, that the great God would bless and keep her child in all his ways, and endow him with wisdom from on high, "so to walk amid the trials and temptations of this world, as to prove himself a good soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." And then she would cover him closely over and kiss his forehead, and leave him to sleep; but Harry could not always sleep, and so he would think of the words of the Psalmist:-"Commune with thine own heart on thy bed and be still "; and as he tried to do this busy memory would again travel back over the past, and shew him many things in a very different light to what he had ever seen them in before.

In short, Harry Howard no longer mistook weeds for flowers.

At length the happy morning arrived, when he once more found himself in the library, with his mamma sitting by him at work, and his papa writing letters at no great distance off; while Amy, glad enough to have her dear Harry down stairs again, knelt beside the sofa on which he lay, now placing her soft cool hand on his forehead, and now smoothing the shawl which was spread over his feet, but which she found it impossible to keep straight for more than two minutes at a time. Closely nestled in his bosom lay our old friend Blanche, a little fatter—a little crosser—and a little more idle than when she was first introduced to us.

Suddenly the door opened, and a servant announced,—not Dr. Jacobs, as the young

invalid had seemed to expect, but—William Archer!

Harry started; it was the first time he had seen his gallant little preserver, since that afternoon when they had stood opposite to each other, all but prepared to fight; and in the interim how much had occurred. though what Harry chiefly thought of then was, that he had saved his life at the risk of his own. No wonder that his heart began to beat, with many painful and some humiliating feelings; he remembered how unkindly he had treated, and how deeply he had wronged this poor boy, and that all this had now to be acknowledged, and, worse still, apologized for. But Harry Howard was, as Ellis had discovered, a noble fellow at heart: his way was clear before him, and he did not hesitate; jumping hastily up, he ran with out-stretched hands towards the half-bewildered Archer, and catching hold of both his, exclaimed:

"Willy Archer, you saved my life, little as I deserved it, and I want to thank you,

but I don't know how; for, after the way I've treated you, 'tisn't to be expected you'll believe anything I say, but indeed I'm very very sorry that I told Graves to shoot your dog."

- "O! Master Harry, don't! pray don't, sir!" cried the astonished Willy, "that's all forgotten now! you aint well yet, Master, don't you fret yourself about that."
- "O! but I want to let you know all about it," said Harry, "for I daresay you little think how ashamed I felt every time I met you."
- "Ashamed! you ashamed, Master Harry!
 O how I wish I'd known that; and I so
 proud and unforgiving all the while! I'm
 sure 'twas I as had most cause to be
 ashamed, as grandmother often told me."
- "But why," said Harry, "I don't see that you did anything wrong."
- "Dear heart, Master, did'nt you see how proud and passionate I felt every time I met you, and how I could'nt help reddening up when I thought of poor Gristle, and how

often I wished that Madam Howard had'nt been so good to grandmother, that I might have turned to and given you a good thrashing: 'twas my proud heart, you see, Master Harry; poor mother always said that pride was my great sin."

Harry listened with astonishment: he had never supposed before, that poor people could be proud: he did not even know that they had anything to be proud of.

"Well, my good boys; I hope you understand each other now," interposed Mr. Howard, who, together with his wife, had been an interested listener to this short dialogue; "you've both learned to look into your own hearts it seems, and having found out how much there is to correct there, will be better able to make allowance for each other in future; so now you must shake hands again, and be friends."

Harry winced a little at his father's words! he was very much indebted to Willy, and wished to make all the amends in his power, for the injury he had done

him; but he did not yet exactly see how he could be friends with a boy who wore a fustian jacket!

Mr. Howard, however, went on:

"I sent for you this morning, Archer, that my son might have an opportunity of expressing his sense of the great obligation you have laid him under; and now I wish to know what I can do for you to testify my own admiration of your brave conduct."

"I don't want nothing for it, thank you sir," said Willy. "I'll be bound Master Harry would have done the like for me, if he'd seen me going to be drowned, as he was; people don't want no reward for such things as that."

"True, my good boy! still Master Harry would like to be able to do you some little service in acknowledgment of your bravery."

"Well then, sir, since you're so kind, perhaps you'll let me come into the park now and then to pick up wood for Grandmother, it saves coals you see, sir!"

"O we'll take care that your Grand-

mother's wood closet shall be well supplied," said Mr. Howard, smiling; "but think again, Willy; is there nothing else we can do for you?"

Willy did think again; but just then there really did seem nothing wanting: having food and raiment he was therewith content.

Meantime, Harry had returned to the sofa on which Blanche was stretched out in luxurious ease, and kneeling down beside it he buried his face in the dog's thick, glossy coat, when he raised it again he looked red and heated, and there were tears upon his cheek.

"My poor, poor Blanche," he murmured, in accents so low, that none but Amy could hear them; "I'm very sorry, indeed I am, but it can't be helped; he has a right to you, my darling Blanche, and he must have you, that he must."

And catching up the dog with a sort of desperate resolution, he walked quickly across to where Willy was standing, and made a motion as if to place it in his arms; but Blanche had no taste for humble life, and, like her master, shrunk from association with a fustian jacket; so she set her teeth, and uttered a deep warning growl which sent poor Willy back with terror to the door, the handle of which he seized so as to be ready to make good his retreat, if necessary, and the brave boy who had not been afraid to jump into deep water to save the life of his enemy, turned pale in the presence of a little snarling dog.

"Be quiet Blanche," said Harry in somewhat faltering accents. He'll be very kind to you, won't you Willy?"

"I kind to her sir—yes sure I will if ever she happens to come in my way—she's a pretty creature, sure enough."

"And she's your's now Willy, I give her to you, and you may love her as you did your own poor dog; she'll be very good humoured when she once gets used to you."

"Why, Master Harry, now do you think I'd go to do such a thing as that? What, take away your favourite because I've lost my own? No thank you, sir, I'd rather not!"

"But my son really wishes to make you all the reparation in his power, for the injury he did you, Willy," said Mr. Howard, much pleased with this act of self-denial on Harry's part, "and, as we think it no more than right he should do so, you have Mrs. Howard's and my free permission to accept the dog."

Willy looked sorely puzzled how to get out of his difficulty, and was not at all sorry to see Blanche wriggle herself out of Harry's arms and run under the sofa, where Amy, with her eyes full of tears, covered her up with the shawl.

"I'm afraid, Master Harry, your dog wouldn't get on very well with grandmother and me," resumed Willy; "her fine coat would soon get dirty in our cottage; besides she can't catch rats, I'll be bound."

"No! I don't think Blanche could do that," said Harry, "Nor fetch and carry, I dare say? No!

"Nor, may be, she wouldn't jump into the canal to fetch out the bits of wood that I often find floating on it; they're uncommon useful to me and grandmother."

"No! Blanche can't do much," cried Harry, a little disconcerted at being reminded what a useless creature she was; not that Willy intended to disparage his dog; he was only seeking reasons for not depriving him of it.

"I see, Harry, we must try to find a dog which unites all the accomplishments Willy mentions, with a form a little more like that of poor Gristle," said Mr. Howard, smiling, and Harry returned to his seat, wondering very much that any one could prefer an ugly deformed-looking animal like that to his beautiful Blanche."

But I wonder, if, by some mischance, Blanche's leg had been broken, and her eye put out, and her ears cropped, whether Harry would not still have thought her the very dearest dog in the universe; I fancy he would, as, I dare say, many of my young readers are thinking of their own croppedeared darlings.

Willy being now summoned away to partake, by Mrs. Howard's order, of the kitchen dinner, the parents were again left alone with their children.

"I wish, papa, Willy had been a gentleman," said Harry, as the door closed upon him.

"Well, my boy, we must put him on one of your jackets, and fit him with a fashionable cap; or as he is rather bigger than you, perhaps we can beg for him a cast off suit of your friend Barnard's.

Harry understood, but did not quite relish the smile with which his father uttered these words, and he blushed a little as he replied,

"I used to think once, that fine clothes would make a gentleman, papa, but I don't think so now."

"Well then, what think you of trying the effect of education," said Mr. Howard; "shall I send Willy to school."

"O yes, papa! that would be delightful,"

cried Amy, "for he can read and write very well indeed, and is so fond of his books—is he not, mamma; you know Dame Archer told us so!

"But should you send him to Miss Stanley's?" asked Harry, whose mind was not quite made up as to the propriety of his having him for a school-fellow.

"No! he is rather too old for Miss Stanley; I fancy Mr. Tarleton's would suit him better."

- "And would he learn Latin and Greek?"
- "If he had a taste for them, certainly."
- "And geography, and history, and cyphering," asked Amy. "Yes."
- "Why, then, he would know as much as Harry in time."
- "Perhaps more, if Harry is not very industrious."
- "And he would be really a gentleman; like me, I suppose," said her brother; "only he must make a better bow," said Amy, laughing; and turn out his toes," added Harry!

"And then I don't see but that he would make as good a gentleman as Barnard or Wilson! eh Harry," said Mr. Howard, with a meaning smile.

"A great deal better one I think, papa," said the conscience-stricken Harry; "but I did not know," continued he "that poor boys like Willy could learn such things; I thought they were so very dull and stupid."

Mr. Howard rose and opened a cabinet, from which he took a small neatly-carved wooden figure, and placed it on the table before his children.

"O look, Harry, look," cried Amy clapping her hands with delight, "it's Willy's dear old dog, the very same that jumped into the canal after my basket; don't you see its funny ears, and that queer collar."

But Harry stood gazing at the little figure in mute amazement.

"Yes, my children," said Mr. Howard, at length, "it is a tolerably correct likeness of poor Gristle, carved by Willy himself, out of a piece of wood taken from the canal."

"But how did he do it, papa, who taught him?"

"At present he is altogether self-taught: it has pleased the Great Maker of us all, Harry, who distributes his gifts, whether of wealth or talent, or high position in the world, just as he sees best, to endow this humble village lad with a natural genius which, if properly cultivated, may some day or other raise him to no ignoble position amongst his fellow men, while to us, Harry, the same Great Benefactor has given the means of obtaining for him the instruction he requires."

"And you will, papa! you will!" cried Harry, completely overcome.

"Yes, my boy, it is my full intention; the brave lad who thought not of his own life when yours was in danger, shall never see the talent which God has given him, lost to himself and to the world for want of a few hundred pounds to assist him in improving it."

"And besides, papa," cried Harry,

"there's the fifty pounds grandpapa gave you to buy me a gold watch, when I'm old enough; he may have that: I can do very well without one."

"And my bright new sovereign, mamma," cried sweet little Amy, running across the room to the cabinet, in which it was kept.

"Thank you, my children," said Mr. Howard, much affected, "you shall both be allowed to help me in this good work, according to your several means; but what I want you principally to learn from your acquaintance with Willy Archer is, that all worldly distinctions are ordained of God; that he bestows gifts of some kind or other on all his creatures, and that, although for some reason which we know not now, but shall know hereafter, he has seen fit to plunge some in the depths of poverty, and endow others with a superabundance of riches; to make some learned, and leave others ignorant; to appoint, in short, a

higher and a lower class of society; we are not therefore to suppose that the righteous poor are less his care than the holy rich, while the wicked man, whatever be his station in this world, shall be cast out from His presence for ever." "And surely, Henry," said Mrs. Howard, addressing her husband, "we have Scripture authority for believing that the poor are God's more especial care, for what saith the Apostle James,"

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him."

"Indeed, yes!" said Mr. Howard, "and God's word abounds with similar passages; but there is one thought which will, I trust more than any other, keep our dear Harry from ever again affecting to despise the poor. It is that, that blessed Saviour, who lay down His life for him, when He left His Father's throne in heaven, made Him-

self of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, or, in other words, of a poor man."

"Papa! papa!" said Harry, bursting into tears, "I have been very foolish—very, very proud. I see it all now. I see how much better Willy Archer has conducted himself than I have; and O, I shall be se glad when you have sent him to school—and may he spend the holidays here?—and then he and Edward Ellis can both be my friends."

"Well, we will think about that, Harry. We must see first what the polishing process of education will do towards fitting him to become a drawing room guest, for until that has been effected, it would be anything but kind to the poor boy to place him there; however, I confess myself very sanguine as to the result of my scheme, for I believe that refinement of pursuit will generally produce a certain refinement of manner."

"And now, dear Harry," said Mrs.

Howard, placing her hand gently on her son's throbbing forehead, "you must lie down and rest yourself, for you know we must have you quite well by Thursday, when papa has invited Edward Ellis to spend a few days with you."

His mamma could not have held out a more convincing reason why he must be well by Thursday, while Amy, after carefully covering him over, took up the little frock she was making for a poor child in the village, and sat quietly down beside him, only moving occasionally to drive away a fly, that "tiresome thing would settle just on the tip of dear Harry's nose!"

And now, although the tale of Harry's trials is told, my young readers may like to know, that he and Edward Ellis have both been for some years at Rugby, where they occupy the same study, join in the same games, and urge each other forward in every good and noble pursuit. Willy Archer,

meanwhile, has been studying hard at Mr. Tarleton's, under whose careful tuition he has made such progress, as to have more than fulfilled the expectations of his kind patrons. On the death of his grandmether, which took place soon after the events we have recorded, he became a resident in Mr. Tarleton's house, and being thus thrown constantly into the society of persons of education and refinement, his manners soon lost their rusticity, and acquired a simple ease, which, though not perhaps deserving the name of polish, is often found more agreeable.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard no longer hesitate to introduce him at the Park, where he generally spends his holidays; and Harry, with whom he is deservedly a great favorite, but who is fond of a joke, even when it is at his own expense, says, "that if he would but push his hair a little more off his forehead, he would make as good a gentleman as the best of them."

Willy is to leave school next Midsummer, and Mr. Howard has made arrangements for placing him with an eminent sculptor; and there seems every reason to hope, that in future years, his name will be added to the long list of those who have emerged from the lower ranks of life, to do honour to their age and country.

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